

Where Truth is fear is not

Aletheian

September, 1917

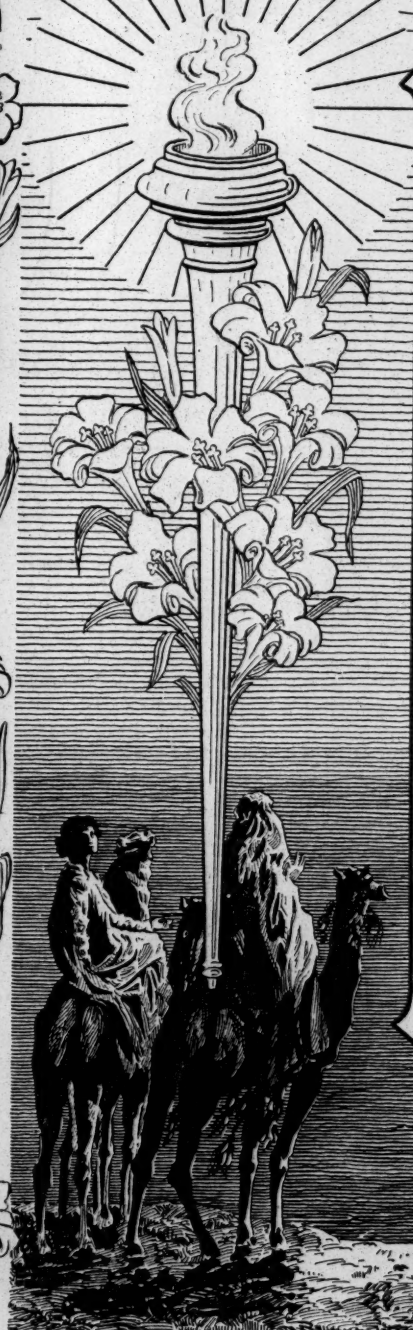
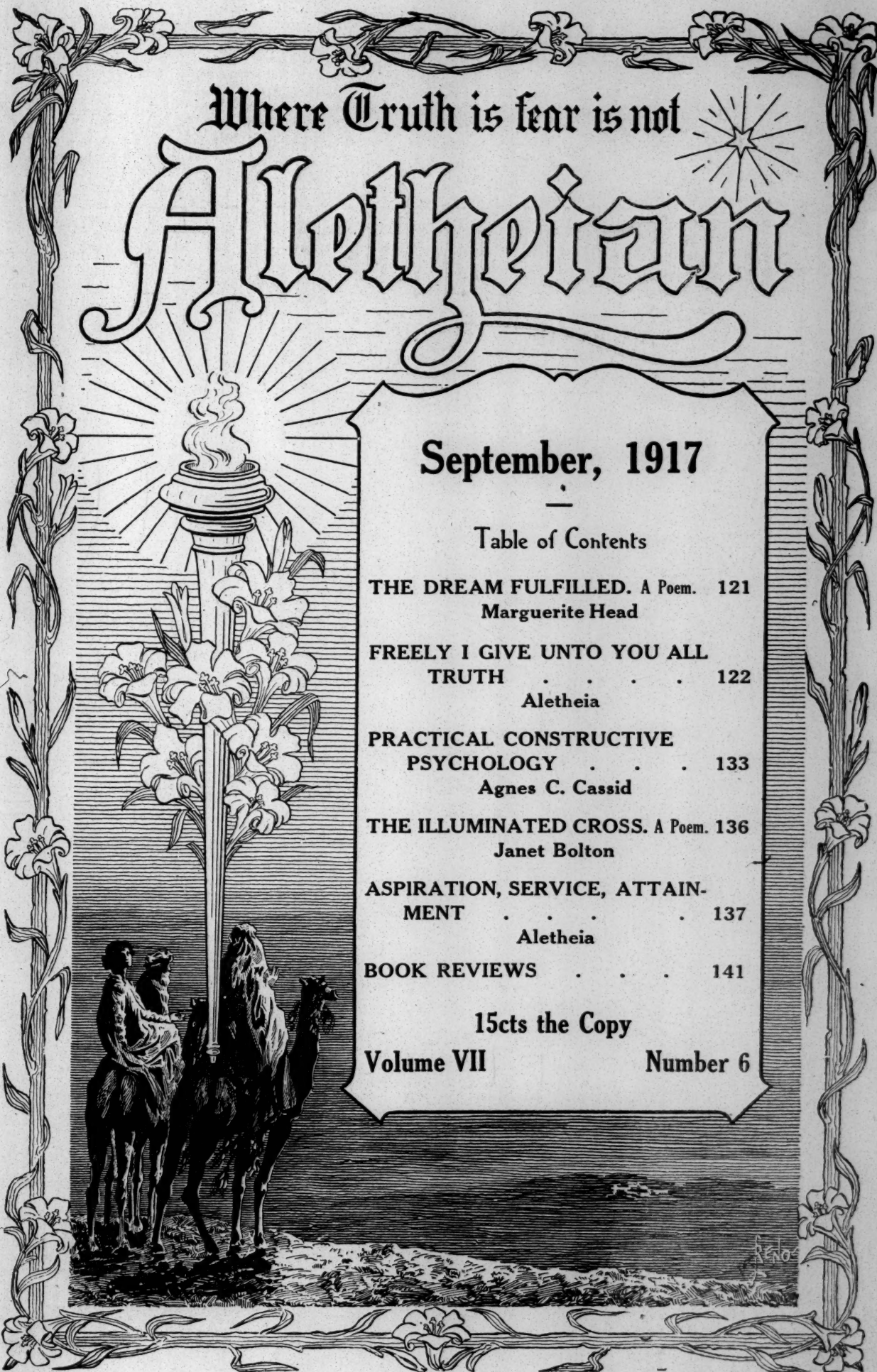
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Volume VII

Number 6



ALETHEIAN

Edited by ALETHEIA HEAD ROGERS

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AN INSPIRED REVEALER OF THE TRUTHS OF TODAY

Voice of the Word, lost no longer; Torch-Bearer of the New Age, Her-alding Peace on Earth! Truth-Seekers, Teachers, Thinkers read ALETHEIAN, eagerly absorbing the Light it is bringing to the world; the Light of the Spirit, freeing the consciousness from man-made theories and blind prejudice. This publication is a bearer of the Word poured forth in veritable fountains of illumination, revealing hidden things through many Souls, who, faithfully seeking, faithfully find.

The President of the United States, leaders of many lands, men and women of vision, and of purpose high, read ALETHEIAN, welcoming its message and recognizing its source. Brilliant minds, of the Old World and the New, speed forward its Torch of Truth. Members of Congress, of the Senate, of the Judiciary, Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors and the World's citizens read, pondering its words, for it is bringing to many, truths that few publications dare to print.

ALETHEIAN'S Torch of Truth, entwined with the Lilies of Peace, is a welcomed harbinger of Hope and progress to all. Its unerring insight concerning matters of Good Government, of civic rights; its unswerving Truth in prophecy has won for it the respect of the most illumined minds of the day. These are joining forces with us, are being numbered among the Temple Builders, comprehending that ability to receive and ability to give, makes us free men and free women.

Will YOU be a torch-bearer in the Temple Service? Is your soul a Temple of Truth, Justice and Peace? Will you make it such a Temple? Are you for equality of opportunity and for equality of effort? Then consecrate yourself to express ALL-LIGHT, ALL-LOVE, ALL-RADI-ANT INTELLIGENCE through the Temple of Truth. BE ONE OF US.

ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE, published monthly, is sent postpaid to any part of the United States for \$1.50 the year. Foreign, postpaid to any part of the World, \$1.75 the year. Single copies fifteen cents each.

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VOL. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1917

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PSYCHOLOGY
ETHICS
INSPIRATION

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PHILOSOPHY
VERSE
ILLUMINATION

Written in the Spirit of Truth

DEVOTED TO THE UPLIFT OF ALL BEINGS
WORLD PEACE, BROTHERHOOD AND THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL
PUBLISHED IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Issued on the 20th of each month, 10 days previous to date of number, in order
to reach foreign subscribers by first of the month.

The Dream Fulfilled



Toiler, let thy soul ascend
Beyond the pain and sordid things
For just a little space, today;
Through Dreamland's portals let it wend
A sunlit way
On soaring wings.

From Dreamland's quarries we may hew
The noblest shapes the world has known;
Great monuments of work or art
Are but the form of dreams come true;
So make, true Heart,
One dream thine own:

A commonwealth of love and truth—
White cities fair, thy mind shall build,
Where joy combines with busy hands;
This dream bequeath thy rising youth,
And lo! there stands
The dream fulfilled!

—Marguerite Head.

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And lo! there stands
The dream fulfilled!

—Marguerite Head.



Freely I Give Unto You All Truth

Out of darkness into light;
Out of chaos into harmony;
Out of disruption into peace:
These promises give I unto you.

—*Message of the Direct Voice through M. H.*

HOW THE PROMISES HAVE BEEN FULFILLED.
AN ANSWER TO QUESTIONS.

"What do you teach?" was the question.

"Truth," the response.

"But what do you call yourself? With what religion are you allied? What teacher do you follow?"

"Truth seeks All; none, individually."

"Nonsense!" was the rejoinder. You must be representing some organization! You must be backed by *some* body. You must have been a graduate or a student of some particular school, else where would you have learned what you teach? I can't quite make you out. I have no use for people who are unwilling to admit their cult! Sometimes your talks are almost Theosophical, yet you refute transmigration; most of the time your words have a strongly Christian flavor; some of your statements are identical with those of Mrs. Eddy; yet you admit that you see visions, are clairvoyant and clairaudient, and can converse with spirits! Now all Christians and all Eddy *scientists are down on spiritualism!* Most of the spiritualists I have met attack the Bible; you defend it! Now tell me, just what are you?"

A *universal* faithist, a primitive Christian, I hope. I believe in all souls advancement through spiritual illumination from all the light there is in the universe! No, no *real Christian* is ever "down on" anything or any one! No true faithist is, either. Jesus, the Christ, said: "Condemn not, judge not, lest ye be judged." This same admonition has rung down the ages from the religious teachings of

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every enlightened soul. It is the key-note of the Vedas, it was the admonition of Zarathrustra! It spoke through the voice of Lao Tze; it speaks in the soul of every truth seeker, today. Of what "cult" was Jesus a member?

Cults, sects, are but the outcome of the individual method of some new teacher's proclamation of old truths, by the light of later inspiration. This sectarian grooping almost invariably follows one who teaches truth direct from the source of inspiration, by revelation. If Truth be Infinite, the receptive soul must absorb it.

Only when a mentality is closed to receptivity, because already filled with half truths, is there the slavish acceptance of *individual* doctrine or dogma.

Originality of expression in inspired reformer lies in the fidelity with which he gives forth his message, in its pristine beauty and simplicity of expression. Over zealous followers almost invariably revamp these teachers, to make them of marketable value, to gain proselites, to fit together a religious machine, through organization, for selfish purposes; thus truths, taught by one whose name is thus misused, become hidden in the mass of expediency. The Spirit of Truth is hidden under the cloak of form, immeshed in the trappings of groop law. As one focalizes upon organization he loses sight of the teachings. As one focalizes upon the personality of the teacher, one also loses the intrinsic truth the teacher attempts to portray.

As the externality of a doctrine or religion becomes more and more dominant, the interior truth becomes more and more withdrawn from perception. At length, the kernel seems to shrink away to nothingness; the shell, only, is left. Then we find churches deserted, temples empty.

Through my early training in the Episcopal Church, I began longingly to seek for evidences of the faith that maketh whole. To be whole in thought, in word, in deed, in body, in soul, in mind; to exemplify the teachings of the Master in the Sermon on the Mount; to follow his loving admonition, to live as he lived! This, it seemed to me, must be *the Christian's* path.

One day, while pondering on the meaning of the words: "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," I heard

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my elders, just after Sunday School, whispering, condemning, in harshest terms, a poor girl, a servant in the minister's family, who had just given birth to a babe. "No one knows who its father is!" they said. This, I was told, when asked explanation, was a heinous crime! I was never under any circumstances to speak to that girl, I was never even to mention her name! She was a "lost soul!" "She had added unrepentance to wickedness," they said, "for she would tell no one the name of her partner in this awful guilt." At last the truth came out, though the poor mother remained mute. It was the minister! "Poor, tempted, godly man! he had confessed!" Thus he was forgiven! His penance made, he was restored to his pastorate, though, for the good of the community, he was sent to another parish, where they did not know about it! But the "brazen, shameless one," I heard them call her,—that mother of sixteen,—was refused work from door to door. There was never a Christ to say, "Neither do I condemn thee; Go, and sin no more!"

What a religion! what a travesty on the teachings of Jesus! My childish soul wept tears of pity for that mother. I was only a child, I "could not understand," they said! I wanted nothing to do with a religion that forgave a man of forty and condemned a girl of sixteen. Sometimes she passed our house; I longed to speak to her baby. I was bidden to keep away from it. To speak to the mother, to speak to the babe was contaminating! Yet I was bidden to go to church and hear the minister preach his farewell sermon!

In my childish mind, that girl seemed in some way linked to the Virgin Mother. Did not the Bible say no one knew who was the father of Jesus except God? If God was His father, and my father too, I was told, then was not God also the father of that little nameless one? O, I could not go to Sunday School any more! I could not go to the church where they condemned any one! I could not believe God wanted people to be unkind to that mother; unkind to that little babe! Jesus had said, "Neither do I condemn!" I wanted to be like Jesus; neither would I condemn. How I prayed that Jesus would appear to me and make it all clear. When he did appear to me explaining, counseling, teaching me Truth, I prayed

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that he might appear unto others; that he might, himself, come into the churches, inspiring people to love; to gentleness; to peace. O, if Jesus would only inspire these people to seek this "lost soul," this straying sheep and bring her, and her little lambkin, safely into a warm and loving fold.

Among the various sects I could find none where condemnation was not rife. Aye, condemnation even of one church by another! All claiming to be Christians; yet not one willing to admit the church of his neighbor was a true church! At fifteen I had a vision in which I saw spirits of the so-called dead, radiant and beautiful! I saw wonderful etherial beings lifting and releasing the spirits of the dying, and from the four corners of the earth I heard an angel chorus singing, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and evermore shall be!"

This settled the question of sectarianism for me. I saw then that all churches were but gathering places for worshipers; and that if I desired to worship in spirit and in truth, I could do so anywhere; but especially in spirit could I commune with the bright ones out in the fields, under the trees; with Nature and with God!

Some years later I was inspired to write the little book, the "Voice of Truth." I gave the manuscript to a friend to criticize. She said: "O, I see you are a Christian Scientist." When I replied that I had heard of such a sect but did not understand their teachings, she replied: "Why, you can't make me believe that! More than half of that manuscript of yours is a direct steal from Mrs. Eddy!"

Naturally, I did not care to investigate her religion if it led her to make a false accusation of me. I then gave the manuscript to another friend, a relative, to read.

"Why, my child, I did not know that you were interested in Theosophy!" she exclaimed.

When I replied that I knew nothing of it, she cried: "Everything you have in that book is touched upon in the 'Secret Doctrine' by Mme. Blavatsky! It was even prophesied, by her, that such a book would be written!"

Nor could I persuade the disciple of Mrs. Besant that I had read nothing of her philosophy. Now, with another

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accusation of plagerism, I could not feel drawn to investigate a teaching that left its disciples so ready to misjudge, to condemn; so palpably adopting the "holier than thou" attitude!

At length I decided to read Christian Science literature. I soon discovered a condemnation of spiritualists. This, from one whose sole claim to authority was that she had "discovered" her theory of life and religion. Discovered it! How? By inspiration, yet her disposition was to deny to others the right of spiritual communion through which, alone, could illumination reach the brain of any mortal! I was about to investigate the Blavatsky books, when a Theosophist, learning of my psychic experiences, began to tell me of the "terrible dangers" to which I was exposing myself! I, who had no understanding of "psychic dangers," no realization of any save the most uplifting and glorious spiritual influences; I, who had walked and talked with the Master, must give up all this and place myself under the domination of human teachers! What, learn of those who *condemned my spiritual guidance and doubted the truth I received?* Condemnation again! from followers of one whose sole claim to recognition must rest upon the inspired portions of her work! I turned away without even taking the book into my hand. Seeking in silence, in prayer, for a free expression of truth, through my visions, writings, clairvoyant and clairaudient contact with the Master Jesus, and later, more frequently, with angelic ambassadors who ministered to my earnest seeking, I found Truth!

One day, entering a hall where a spiritualistic meeting was in progress, I found, amidst much that was faulty and imperfect, *the spirit* manifesting. The spirit of Truth, Divine Love and Wisdom could and did speak through organisms apparently unlearned, and oftentimes in their outward being, uncouth, unkind! Yet, at certain seasons, these people did admit as being inspired to voice wisdom, to speak the truth, through their lips. These people, however imperfect, were at least open to spiritual influx. They had not resolutely bound their souls in dogmatic chains of intolerances. They were ready, yea, anxious, to invite the spirit! To these I came gladly, lovingly, happily! It was not a sacrifice to give up my lucra-

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tive profession. It was a joy to use my savings for the purpose of disseminating the blessed truth that pressed for expression within my consciousness. For nine happy weeks I gave myself up to this work; teaching and preaching twice each Sunday and throughout the week; delivering the message of the Spirit; writing under inspiration; all with an exaltation of soul describable only to those who have experienced it.

As I had asked no fees for my work, my small savings were rapidly becoming exhausted. The suggestion was made that I open two classes a week at which a small fee should be charged. I did so. Then, to my grief and amazement, I was told by the leader of the little spiritual church, that had grown from a small handful to more than a hundred souls during my ministry, that she was unwilling for me to teach there longer. A "medium" of the "State Organization of Spiritualists" had informed her that I was not a "true spiritualist!" This medium had assured her that I was in reality "a detective whose mission was to disrupt the spiritualistic religion!" Strange as it may seem, this woman whom I had aided, sparing neither time nor income, so far disobeyed her own guiding intelligences as to become the dupe of this "hypnotic medium," who, if controlled by spirit at all, must have been the victim of a malicious influence opposed to Truth! Further, playing upon the credulity of this misguided leader, whose interior purpose has always been good and true, this so-called medium led her to believe that I was an enemy. That my purpose was to supplant her!

That I intended to "run a rival organization!" Imagine the blow to my love and trust! My disappointment, my grief to have been so misjudged among those whom I had credited with spiritual discernment! Was not their spiritual understanding sufficient for them to recognize their own? To mingle in unity of thought, of truth, and in the spirit of Christ-like love?

Then, in material groping for an understanding of this thing, I sought the Editor of a publication claiming to be the official organ of the Spiritualistic movement in that section. After questioning my spiritual development and the means whereby I had gained my "powers," he told me flatly he did not believe I had ever seen Jesus, for he

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questioned that such a person had ever existed! He then condemned every medium whose name I mentioned, including the president of the State Association. He said "they were unmoral, untruthful and insincere!" This from a man I had been led to believe was the *officially recognized publicity promoter for the Association!*

At once the voice within me cried: "Not here, not here can truth be found!" Until this moment I had found *some* good in all people, all ministers, all cults, but in this individual I found condemnation only!

Then I replied to him, saying: "I came among your people a happy woman, loving all mankind, willing, nay glad to serve in my small way those who are disseminating Truth; I could not be happy, I should not desire to live among them if I believed the things you say of these people!"

His reply was this: "Then you had better keep out of spiritualism!"

Glancing at the face of a well-known worker, whose photograph was even then looking out from the glass doors of his book-case, I answered:

"There, surely there, is one worker who is beyond all this reproach. Her soul must be as good, as beautiful and kind as her wonderfully inspired orations! She could not voice such thoughts if her own spirit were unworthy!"

Some evil influence, controlling this man, at once launched into a description of every real or imaginary error this woman could possibly have committed. He stated these things as facts of his own knowledge!

Refusing to believe his statements, I said:

"You say you know these stories to be true! You proclaim them as facts of your own knowledge! *How could you know them unless you had been a partner in the crime?* Out upon you! You are an enemy to truth! You are an enemy to spiritualism, to love, to man, to God! I am convinced that you have done more to mislead, to misrepresent the cause you pretend to espouse than any other human being I have ever encountered! *Condemnation!* Yes, I who had sought freedom from condemnation, was betrayed into condemning this man!"

I came away; but then and there I saw that every

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church has a right to be. Every cult exists for a purpose. It is for us to choose the truth from each; to make use of it and to apply the teachings as best we may.

If organization must employ evil means to protect itself, I want no organization. If calumny, enmity and jealousy are the barnacles that must gather on the ship of organization, let me be free from organizations, and find the way to work and pray even if it be only under the open canopy of heaven, under the wide spreading branches of the trees, or beside the sounding sea, as did the Master upon the shores of Galilee!

When you ask: "What do you teach? What do you represent? What is your backing?" I would answer: "Truth!" In the Spirit of Truth I greet you, now and ever. Truth will not allow me to name those whose story I cite to make my position clear. Truth will rebuke me, within my own consciousness, for any unkindness, or misunderstanding of others. Truth will not be gainsayed or made to serve expediency! Nor will Truth permit me, for *greater outward show*, to ally myself with those who teach but half truths! No! better to die the death of the crucified! Better to suffer imprisonment! Better to be a beggar than to relinquish one vestige of Truth, that hath set me free from spiritual bondage! *Truth*, ever sets free all who freely receive it. This Truth I believe, this Truth I teach.

I believe in heaven-sent messengers. In manifestations of the Christ, not at stated intervals; at all times! I believe in the words proceeding from the lips of Jesus, himself, not in utterances some would attribute to him. I believe in the Great Spirit-God; Father of all Life, that eternal One whom the Jews called "Jehovah," whom the Chinese called "Ho Joss," whom the Persians called "Mazda," whom the Indians called "Manito," whomever or whatever man has called his *God* if he addresses One whom we shall worship in Spirit and in Truth, that One is "God" to me! I believe this wonderful Universal Fatherhood embraces all motherhood, sisterhood and brotherhood! Therefore, I am in sympathy with all and every religious teaching of truth, yet am not limited by any sect. Thus I come to you in the name of All-Light, All-Love, All-Truth, expressed through all intelligence,

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all wisdom, all kindness, all illumination. Therefore, I find kinship with all souls, admitting divine inspiration and the communion of spirit.

Nor can I find a great teacher who ever denied these facts! In all revelations, given to the world through mortal lips, there is the statement that "an angel spoke to them," "God spoke, and it was so." Today God speaks not through the lips of one only, but through countless thousands of His ministering servants among whom I, lovingly, humbly and joyously, count myself as one, free from the domination of sectarianism.

Do you wonder that, in the ranks of unorganized spiritual movements, one finds the highest spiritual vibrations? The message of the Christ, clear, undefiled, unrestricted by man-made creeds and expediencies? The light of ages has been free! Free it must remain. Ah, in the jealousies of the "ism," the spirit is lost! In clamor for organization, is lost all order! In self-seeking, in jealousy of individuals, is closed the door to spiritual influx! Freely, *Truth* is given, Freely *Truth* lives! Though crushed under the walls of mighty man-made machines, the walls shall crumble away, while *Truth* rises, triumphantly, forever!

All who have borne her banner, among the mighty army of the spirit world, manifesting in earth for a time, are now manifesting in the planes wherever required! The great galaxy goes marching on! In you I find my kindred, my brothers, my sisters! leading you I find my Elder Brother, Jesus the Christ, who demonstrated the power of unending life, who robbed the grave of its sting, and taught "The victory of death is life!" O, gentle Jesus, you who excelled all others in spiritual manifestation; you, who, though laid in the tomb, arose in your radiant spiritual garments, and appeared in the little upper room among the faithful! You, dear Lord Jesus, who constantly appear to all who are able to recognize you; to you, with my Brother Zarathrustra, the light bringer of Persia; with my Brother Sidarthur, called the Buddha of India; with my Brother Confucius, the enlightener of China; with my Brother Emanuel Swedenborg, the spiritual seer of Europe, to you My Brother Abdul Baha, seer of Persia and servant of *Truth*, to you thrice true and loyal

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Jeanne D'Arc, saviour of France, you who smiled amidst torturing flames for Truth's sake; to you and many, many more, known and unknown, I draw near in loving fellowship, in reverence for the good works you have done, in sympathy for every error you may have done. With you I draw near in loving reverence to our blessed One, Jesus the Christ, of Judea, who hath led me into understanding, making it possible for me to take my place beside you as a messenger of the Holy Spirit! Though encased in a weak human frame, I know that my spirit is Truth's Light; I know that my body is a divinely-appointed torch-bearer, however imperfect the vehicle may be. To you, all my brothers and sisters, in your varied expressions of being, I come as one of you, yet as a teacher to some of you. Mine own come unto me: Mine own seek me out: Mine own will neither humble nor exalt me, for, my Father, alone, can do that! None can assail me, none can debase me, unless I, myself, allow hatred, condemnation, resentment, to betray me into like expression. Even though I should be thus betrayed, momentarily, I can atone for my fault. Therefore I can, and do, love all who may fancy themselves my enemies. I can, and do, forgive those who have reviled me for "His name's sake." I can, and do, forgive all who may say, or may have said, all manner of evil against me. Acknowledging mine own errors, mine own shortcomings, without which it were impossible to forgive the faults of others, I go forth, clad in my armor of light, to do my Father's will! This is the truth I teach; this the mission I have to perform, this the religion I would spread:

"To go where you want me to go, My Father God; to do what you want me to do! To serve Thee, in my fellow-beings; to do this through every avenue, every channel thou dost open unto me. To lead my brothers unto thee; to teach them to open their souls that they may receive Thee, and Thy angel ambassadors, who give to them tidings of exceeding great joy! Teaching "LIFE IS FOREVER; TRUTH IS OMNIPOTENT, THAT PEACE, within the soul, finds full expression in the external: for, where Truth is, fear is not!"

Thus I take my place as one of the humblest manifestations of my Father, yet one of the strongest in faith!

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Even though it should be unto death, to imprisonment, or to ignominy; in the eyes of an unbelieving world. Seeking no pedestal, desiring no laurel-wreaths, asking only for strength, that this voice may ring with the message of the Infinite, until Truth sounds and resounds in all souls the message of the Most High:

"Go ye out upon the housetops and proclaim my words; Go ye into the valleys, into the byways and highways, reclaiming my wandering children!

"Give unto the weak and the weary, my tender love and my truth. Condemn no man! Be merciful, be upright!

"Know these, thy brothers, thy sisters, are equal in the love of the Father!

"Live in accordance with the laws of Truth and of thy mother Nature. Be true, be steadfast, proclaiming Truth at all times and in all seasons. When Truth is assailed be then her defender.

"O! my Beloved, be thou of the Mind of Christ, then none shall gainsay thee. Go forth, minister unto each according to their several needs.

"Let the mouth of the scorner be filled with his own idle words!

"Let the heart of Truth be thy heart, thy life: thereby shalt thou bring truth unto all that have need thereof. Thou art Truth in spirit; maintain truth in all thy ways."



Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The Heavens, God thought of me, His child;
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances every one
To the minutest.

—Robert Browning, in "*Johannes Agricola*."



Open the windows of thy soul, oh, Mortal, let in the light if thou wouldst give out light. The torch of Truth is ever ready for the hand that would steadfastly bear it.

Practical Constructive Psychology

AGNES C. CASSIDY

(Series No. 5)

HARMONY



THE last words of our preceding talk are in my mind: "The Peace of God which passeth all understanding!" We talk about that "Peace"; we want to *possess* it; we acknowledge it with our lips to be the greatest treasure of all. *How many of us know anything about it, from actual experience?*

We are apt to consider it as a condition to be attained in a far-off future *Heaven*, where there will be no more strife, nothing more to attain, and where we shall enjoy this Peace in a state of blissful idleness.

This could scarcely have been the idea of the man who said to his friends:

"My peace I leave with you"; * * * "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"; * * * "In my Father's house there are many mansions."

The eternal *now*; the *God within*; constant *progression*; *these* are the thoughts which the words of the Master must suggest to us.

I fear that if we attain to none of this Peace—this *Harmony* in this mortal life—we may take a long time to enter into any realization of it after we have shaken off the flesh!

It concerns us most deeply, then, to become conscious of the means by which we may enter into this Peace *now*; of how we may live in harmony with ourselves, with the world and with God; and—thus living, have some consciousness of "Heaven" *now and here!*

Let us try to make this very practical, for we are living in a practical world; as is our plan, let us begin at the outside and work in.

What causes most of our dissatisfaction, our inharmony, with ourselves?

If we are frank, we must admit that it comes from the inner consciousness of one of two facts; either we are

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doing something which we know we ought not to do; or we are neglecting to do something which we ought to do.

The remedy is plain.

What causes our lack of harmony with our "neighbor" (all humanity)?

We want to control him; we want to *make* him do what we believe we know to be right; and, as a general thing, we can't seem to do it.

And, so, we fuss and fume and make ourselves and our friends miserable, and do nothing constructive, but much that is destructive.

What is the remedy? Shall we become entirely indifferent to our neighbor?

Shall we say: "Let him alone; he will get what he deserves; it is none of my concern?"

Certainly not! Let us help if we can; and we can generally help if our neighbor feels that he *needs* help; but to be really helpful, needs a great deal of what the world calls "tact."

The real thing that makes us capable of being truly helpful is the consciousness that we are, in helping our neighbor, helping *ourselves* in the highest and best sense; that our neighbor is doing us a favor by allowing us to help him.

If we can only develop this feeling, we shall get rid of much inharmony. We shall not overwhelm our neighbor with a sense of our superiority and condescension, and we shall not be tortured by a sense of the "ingratitude" of our neighbor.

And, suppose we are miserable because we cannot—by word or deed—correct in our friends, the errors which seem to be dragging them down?

Let us remember the power of constructive thought; of altruistic faith!

Let us, also, remember how we endanger our friends by destructive thought; by thoughts of fear—doubt of their capability of success; of their right judgment; of their sincerity of purpose.

But you will say: "How can we help it when we know they are going wrong?"

"We cannot call black white; wrong right; error truth."

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I freely admit this; we should not do so; but we can keep our inner consciousness fixed upon the real power and purity of the *Spirit* which dwells alike in each and all of us; and, while not trying to dominate by action, word, or thought, the sacred individuality of our neighbor, we can instil into *our* souls such faith in him, that we shall help *his* soul to open itself up to the true light of the indwelling Spirit; and he will gain the wisdom best suited to his condition; to his state of spiritual receptivity *at the time*.

And what of environments of conditions?

What of seemingly inanimate forces which work against our peace of mind?

We can only repeat: *thought* when really constructive—*faith* when perfect—are invincible weapons against all the powers of darkness.

And, let us not be afraid to seek the help of those of our fellow-mortals who are ready and willing to help; at sometimes in our lives, the strongest of us need help, sorely.

Less than a year ago, the writer of these articles found herself plunged into a state of soul depression from which it seemed impossible for her to lift herself.

Asking earnestly for guidance, and following that guidance, she was led by the Spirit to the editor of this little magazine; led to an inspired soul ready to help; capable of helping; she pays this grateful tribute, not because "Aletheia" needs it, but because it may lead others to seek and receive help when sorely needed.

And, when we are at peace with ourselves, with our neighbor, then is it not time to turn our attention to "making our peace with God"?

Yês—but we shall find *nothing to do*; we shall have entered into the blissful consciousness that God *is* always at peace with us; that He, on His side, has done, *is* doing everything for our eternal peace and happiness, and that we are just beginning to realize His constant ever-present help; that we are just beginning to know the meaning of the word atonement (at-one-ment).

And so, dear friends, realizing that these are troubled times; that all the powers of error, incarnate and dis-

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carnate, seem to be let loose upon us—let us seek earnestly for the “Peace of God.”

Let us try persistently and systematically to strengthen our own souls and those of humanity.

Let us hold the faith; let us refuse to allow destructive thought to enter the “*Inner Temple*.”

And let those of us who feel that we have received a little of the true light, which shines for all the world, whether or not they perceive it,—let those fear not to *let it shine forth*; that it may, in God’s goodness, irradiate some darkened path; bring some harmony into some other troubled soul!



THE ILLUMINATED CROSS

By Janet Bolton

I hold enshrined within my memory
A dream,—for it was strangely real to me;
I stood alone, and in the gathering gloom
I saw a giant cross before me loom;
My heart stood still,—I gazed with eyes of dread,
In vain I tried to turn and would have fled,
But fear had entered like a poisoned dart
And left me numb with terror stricken heart;
And transfixed gaze upon the cross of stone
That like a giant spectre towered alone,
With empty arms outstretched against the sky,—
“My Cross,”—I heard my anguished spirit cry.

And when I would have swooned in darkest night,
Then lo! upon the cross there shone a light,—
A radiant light,—most wondrous bright and warm,
And to my troubled soul there came a calm,—
A peaceful calm, serenely sweet and deep,
Remaining ’till I woke from out my sleep,—
Awoke to find my cross was with me still,—
An aching void the years could never fill.

Yet o’er my spirit swept a calm delight
That wrapped my shivering soul in warmth and light;
Indeed no less a cross it still would be,
But an illuminated Cross for me,—
A lighted milestone on life’s journey set;
And there where strange and devious pathways met
I kneeled to bless the cross and breathe this prayer,
“God, help all those who have a cross to bear,
And fail to see the Light a-shining there.”

Aspiration, Service, Attainment

Beloved, have you paused, in self-seeking, to consider the joy of impersonal service? Have you faithfully served, gaining peace; are you filled with contentment, that comes of work well done?

Ye that are seeking spiritual progress, shall find it alone in the labor filled with constructive effort, for all mankind. It is the joy of universal service through which cometh that sense of well-being, that poise of mind resting upon sincere endeavor through which cometh attainment. Will to serve in co-operation with all good.

In the realization of my birthright, my kinship with the Father, I will to be strong. Instantly thru effort of will, having opened the receptive channels of strength, I am strong! Filled with the power, the purpose, that *will to be* gives to me. My soul is open to receive light; therefore light fills me: my being overflows, radiating this light to the world. My heart is open to receive love, so love fills it, outflowing unto all my fellow-beings.

In this understanding it is not difficult to love your enemies. Ah, no! It is only hard and bitter to hate. None shall know this like unto those who hate. If pride rules the will there is no forgiveness, no real love within the soul. If love governs all forgiveness is easy. Love softens the sorrow, love illumines the soul, love lifts you and me from the sordid cares of everyday existence, making each day a joyous opportunity! Hate not, for hatred is as a millstone hanged about thy neck. None can arise as long as an atom of hatred lingers in the soul. None can be forgiven as long as even a tinge of unforgiveness lingers within their consciousness. Neither can'st thou serve freely if thou wouldst compel service from another. Aspire to be exalted into perfect expression of love; then love shall be thine to overflowing.

O! how perfect is peace that cometh with loving service. How joyful is rest following tasks attempted; labor accomplished!

You, who fancy that you can neither bear heat nor cold, look to your life's service. Hours filled with constructive effort bring results. Labor accomplished, rest is sweet.

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Unmindful, then, of heat or cold; for constructive thought, in action, neutralizes all extremes. Only the idle have time for suffering; suffer they must!

Occupy thyself faithfully, joyously; caring not for the nature of the labor, if there be good service in it: Contentment is found therein.

If there be any *sin within*, cast it out! Cast out unfaithful thoughts! Cast out doubt! Doubt is but soul-weariness proceeding from sloth, from too much ease seeking. Find joy in labor; contentment in service; for this alone is worthy of thee. Those who weary of life are those who labor without aspiration, who live without inspiration to direct their labors. Selfseekers are always weary of labor, but truthseekers find joy therein. Labor with the hands gives time for thought. Labor with the brain only, brings weariness of soul and weakness of body. Serve, then, with mind and with body for the good of all, finding therein fullness of expression, in the love of thy fellow-beings, the joy of service.

THE DIRECT VOICE

"As ye do it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

What is the meaning of these words? Service unto babes and the helpless? Not alone unto babes in years, but infants in understanding. In strength, in tender helpfulness shalt thou serve all who have need of thee. Wherever thou canst carry the cup of pure water, there be thou in loving service. Pause not to consider thy welcome: In the great world army thy mission is wherever thou art led in the spirit of service. Cast out personality. They who would wound thy personal will receive help from thy spiritual.

Be not as one afar off, calling: "Come unto me!" Go thou unto the lost sheep, and gather them unto thyself. Into the byways and hedges, into the gateways of strife, wherever the little ones have need of love, of hope, of help; there go thou! Considering not the words of the scorner, nor the contumely of the eyeserver. Be faithful and true unto all that have need of thee: brief in conversation with the idle, giving thy message unto the weary and to the oppressed. To those who call upon the messengers of the Most High, thou shalt be sent in loving guidance.

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Unto these, be thy mission. *Be still and know* the Father speaketh within thine own soul. Teach this Truth unto all who seek: "Ye who knock, for yourselves, at the gates of wisdom; behold the door of thine own understanding shall be opened, all mysteries revealed unto thee." "Knock and it shall be opened, seek and ye shall find."

"If men say all manner of evil against you for My name's sake," they have their reward. Ye who serve in gladness, verily ye have your reward. Let critics and scoffers become weary of their own words: what have you to do with them? Verily, service, tho effective only in part, is still *service*; building for the kingdom of peace. The critic neither tears down nor takes aught from thy labor; in his criticism he but diggeth a pit for his own feet. Some are builders, some are destroyers: Be thou a builder. Be thou an uplifter, be thou as a tower of strength unto the fallen! What hast thou to do with them that call out in derision or revilings, implanting, in the minds of the ignorant, a false concept of thy labors? They are like unto a barren fig tree! But thou that tillest the soil and gatherest the fruits of kingdom of love, thine errors are forgiven for the effort thou hast made. Thus shalt thou build anew the weak places, finding good materials to replace the faulty; yet even the faulty may be reshaped. All serveth a purpose; all shall find adjustment.

In times to come the fruits of thy labors shall bless the needy and sustain the famishing. Good deeds lead to emulation and are a very blessed way, pointing to better work. Be not troubled in spirit, not distressed in mind, for verily thou shalt be comforted, finding work for thy hands and Truth to light thy way, forever and ever.

Enter thou into the consecrated place set apart for thy meditation; in silence shall words of wisdom be given unto thee, that thou and thy hearers shall profit withal. Thou, who cometh into the secret places of the Most High, shalt realize thy kinship with all beings in all realms. Unto these thou art sent as a torch-bearer of Truth.

Shape thy will to obedience; for thru obedience only canst thou enter into harmonious atonement with the Brothers of the White Legion. These are they who inspire unto peace and to wisdom. Once again we come

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unto thee, for thou hast sought us in humility, in faithful service; seeking for light and for help for all who have need of thee. Be not sorrowful; not disturbed in mind, for there are many reaching out with gladness to receive thee; for thou art come in fearlessness: in unselfishness of purpose. Be a true testimony, speak that which is given thee and fear not.

Out of the depths have I lifted thy heart in gladness: out of the depths shall thou lift many who shall call unto thee in sorrow; grieve not for their much misunderstanding. Yea, tho they be much misled and misadvised, still are they as little children straying, like unto lost sheep.

He that leadeth unto light, leadeth unto truth. Be ye free from bondage. Be under no yoke save the service of God, whose angel ambassadors shall bring unto thee all things needful.



Meditation is the soul of prayer and the intention of
our spirit.

—Jeremy Taylor.

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A. S. A. meetings, Symphony Hall, Los Angeles, California, resumed in December. During the month of November, Aletheia Head Rogers will speak in several cities en route to the Pacific Coast. Societies, Churches and Schools are invited to write for open dates.

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An Hour with Books and You

This bright August morning, finding motival labors completed at eight o'clock, having been busily occupied since five-thirty, I am glancing over a pile of books saved up for this hour. Two are selected; in both there is interest, help, illumination. First, this little volume in blue with its delicate tracery of vine and leaf, with the "Cup of Life and Light" just indicated. The words, "I AM," in letters of gold. For an instant one wonders if here is another of those literary efforts claiming so much and teaching so little! Rapidly scanning its pages in the fashion of the busy reader before settling down to perusal of the pages, I find a chapter having an especial appeal, a satisfying message for the soul.

"I AM TRUTH," as we read, the words call unto us and envelope us with their message of peace and joy. We enter into oneness with the author, we know this Truth and are of it, and we are one with I AM.

Fruitless to comment upon that which is already perfectly expressed in the book, "I AM." To paint the lilly, to gild refined gold, would be but to mar the perfect product. If we would choose among the good things of life, *one* only,—but why choose. All the chapters are to be found in their beauty of inspiration and perfection of expression in the little book "I AM," by John Milton Scott. In its joyous perusal "I AM" in you and in me rises to claim our birthright in the wholeness of All-Being.

Write to the Author, care of the Rowny Press, 937 South Hill Street, Los Angeles. The publisher has not mentioned price in sending to me this book of books, "I AM," by John Milton Scott. I am sure one dollar will be enough. Send it if you are in haste to receive a copy. I know the publisher. If \$1.00 is more than the price, he will send



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you another gem as well. I shall write at once, asking Mr. Scott to offer this book as a premium with a year's subscription to *Aletheian*, making the price just two dollars for both. The book "I AM" to be sent on receipt of order and *Aletheian* for one year, for two dollars, sent direct to publisher, J. F. Rowny, 937 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, California.

"AZOTH"

Here is a publication, issue of May, 1917. Saved all this while because an article in it caught my attention: This is my first opportunity to read it. "AZOTH," a monthly magazine published by Michael Whitty, at 1400 Broadway, New York. Two articles have an especial appeal. One "A Theosophical Talk" by "Amru"; the other a most able statement of the "Failure of Religion" by the Editor. These two articles do much toward setting the enquirer right as to teachings entitled to be called "Theosophical," as differentiated from the trappings and frills that have attached themselves to an exalted and beautiful philosophy. Focalization upon the teacher, instead of the teaching, has ever been the downfall of Truth. According to AZOTH, ideas that must ever repulse the sincerely seeking-soul, "are not, and never have been the true teaching of Theosophy." Those teachers, (?) then, who have endeavored to ridicule the doctrine of transmigration of soul's rehabilitation, misnamed reincarnation, personal saviors. Especially selected world-teachers "are not," according to AZOTH, "the true Theosophists at all!" Soul-weary of the polyglot conglomeration of modern necromancy, tarot reading, Philosophy of names and numbers, and every other conceivable method of appeal to the egotistical, vanguard spirit of mortal man, masquerading as a *spiritual religion*, one welcomes AZOTH as a publication daring to speak truth; scorning shiboleth! "So many paths that wind and wind" leave one flounder-

STOP!

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ing in a sea of materialism rather than afloat among the lofty ethers, longed for by spiritually unfolding and aspiring minds. Mind you, I am not condemning these things as material assets, useful to the materially minded. I ask only that they be not confounded with spiritual teachings.

Returning to "AZOTH," we find letters published under the caption "The Cauldron." The editorial comment thereupon is a step in the path. Sincerity, truthfulness; straightforwardness greets us. Azoth goes far and is doing good work. Its desire to enlighten, to set free from erroneous beliefs, cannot be questioned by the discriminating, however one may apparently differ as to personal bias. We like AZOTH. We are writing the editor to place us on his exchange list. Now, you, good friends, who read this: do not sit down at once and request a "sample copy" of AZOTH, as if you were conferring a favor merely to seem interested! Send your twenty-five cents for a copy. That is the price I paid. That is what it is worth. Of course I do not quite agree with our good friends Dr. and Mrs. Homer Curtiss in their evident interpretation of the "Lincoln Message," also printed in that May AZOTH. My own "Message from Lincoln" was very similar in wording, yet in interpretation just the reverse! We psychics and seers must be absolutely free from personal bias to receive and to voice exactly that which is given from the Spirit. Oftimes prophet words and visions are given to me through my spiritual consciousness quite in contradiction to my material thought, and this I believe is true of others.

—Aletheia.

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All Souls Advancement

Statement of Principles



WE affirm that all churches, sects and schools have a basic foundation in Truth, and in their original inception expressed the high ideal and deep desire of some great soul toward a fuller expression of Being. We believe that all these must eventually unite in the white light of ALL-TRUTH, then we shall have no more War, but Peace on Earth good will to Men, thru the perception that all ways lead to One God, one great Creator, ruling all realms, giving perfect freedom of choice to every expression of Life.

We affirm that every teaching of Truth under whatsoever name it be given is a labor of Love, Light and intense desire for the illumination of the Universe. We ask therefore the broadest tolerance for every man's faith and unite in sincerity and thanksgiving in the knowledge that

ALL TRUTH IS ONE

and therefore unite and invite our members and all readers to unite in World Soul Communion and Aspiration for peace, light upliftment, love, prosperity and the perfecting of all things in all beings everywhere, on the twenty-seventh day of each month, at the noon hour. As the time varies in different localities this creates a vast thought wave moving forward as the sun moves; an unceasing prayer throughout the day.

On September twenty-seventh let this thought fill our consciousness and radiate to all the world:

In the belief that divine being, love and service are most conducive to the greatest good of all, we henceforth go to do our respective duties, with malice toward none and good will to all.

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Teaches that all Truth—through Spirit Impulse, or Inspiration, finds expression through psychology—the Science of the Soul. We hold a Spiritual Assembly for the voicing of Truth and the Healing of humanity through spiritual power, in accordance with the teachings of JESUS, THE CHRIST. This Assembly is a part of the Great Brotherhood visible and invisible, existent from all time; rising to renewed life in each successive cycle; teaching faith in the Supreme, obedience to the Creator, in All-Truth, All-Love, All-Harmony. Believing in the elimination of personal interests for the good of all humanity.

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ONCE again I am compelled to announce that unscrupulous individuals are using, unlawfully, the name *Aletheia* at Venice, California, as in other localities, notably San Diego, San Francisco and Atlantic City, New Jersey. All persons are warned that such use is merely to obtain money upon the reputation of the genuine ALETHEIA, Editor of Aletheian Magazine. No one connected with the true ALETHEIA is practicing palmistry, fortune telling, alleged mediumship, or any "pretented powers" for a price!

The genuine ALETHEIA does not set a price upon her work, and is a teacher, lecturer and a woman of refinement, and intelligence. There is no *man living* who has a right to use the press matter, newspaper clippings, etc., given to the work of the genuine ALETHEIA, while she tours the leading cities of America as an "Exponent of Telepathy and Psychic Power." Parties who have unlawfully possessed themselves of such newspaper matter and other theatrical paraphernalia, have continuously exhibited in the San Diego Exposition, the Pan-American Exposition and at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The true *Aletheia*, whose prophecies are now a matter of world-wide knowledge, is the Editor of ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE. She bears upon her person credentials proving her identity.

All persons claiming her name and reputation should be required to produce up-to-date credentials.

This announcement is for the protection of those who will otherwise be victimized by impostors.

(Signed) Frances "*Aletheia*" Head-Rogers.